

But all in vain they seek her heart to cheer,
 In vain their tears of sympathy may flow ;
 Can they restore to her that brother dear ?
 But Martha comes—she whispers to her ear,
 " The Master calls thee ; to His presence go."

Oh, gleam of sunshine in the darkest sky !
 " Jesus is here, He calls me !" From her seat
 She rises quickly. Whither should we fly,
 But to Thy bosom, when the waves are high ?
 Weeping she falls, and worships at His feet.

" Lord, if Thou hadst been here, he had not died,"—
 'Tis all her lips can utter. Lord, how true !
 Death to assault Thine own in vain had tried,
 If Thou wert here, and we but near Thy side ;
 Thy absence is death's time, and Satan's too.

His answer was not words, but groans and tears ;
 Oh, tears and groans of sympathy divine !
 How fraught with glory, " JESUS WEPT," appears !
 What stores of comfort through all coming years !
 The woe, that wrings my spirit, touches Thine ;

It almost makes the darkness turn to light,
 Sorrow to joy, when thus Thy grace we know :
 On blackest clouds the rainbow shines most bright,
 The stars most brilliant in the darkest night ;
 So shines Thy love in deepest shades of woe.

Thou hast, O Lord, a bottle for our tears !
 Thine in our inmost hearts deep-treasured lie,
 Our richest cordial in all griefs and fears ;
 More precious than the costliest gem, appears
 Each drop of Thy most tender sympathy.

Men learnt Thy love, when they beheld Thy woe :
 " See how He loved him," they admiring cried.
 Oh, priceless tears, and groans ! and yet we know
 E'en more Thy heart's deep fountains, since did flow
 The streams of blood and water from Thy side.

Oh, blessed Jesus, all we want we find,
 The more we know our wants all hid in Thee ;
 A friend than brother far more true and kind ;
 Balm for the bleeding heart, and tortured mind,
 Full of divine and human sympathy.